

## CHAPTER NINE

### "We're Going to Do Something"

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Scattered among twelve rows in the back of the plane, other passengers attempted to place calls to loved ones. Lauren Grandcolas dialed her husband, Jack, in San Rafael, California, and Linda Gronlund tried to reach her sister, Elisa Strong, in New Hampshire. Neither answered—but both passengers were able to leave voice messages.

"Honey, are you there? Jack, pick up sweetie," Lauren said. It was 9:39 a.m. when the call was made—just 6:39 a.m. at the Grandcolas home on the West Coast. She left a message:

*OK, well I just wanted to tell you that I love you. We're having a little problem on the plane. I'm totally fine. I love you more than anything just know that. I'm comfortable and I'm OK for now. I'll, I... just a little problem. I love you. Please tell my family I love them, too. Bye, honey.*

Lauren attempted seven more calls in the next four minutes, including one to her sister Vaughn, but none of them connected for more than seven seconds.

Several people on board said the hijackers never tried to stop them from using Airfones. Perhaps there just weren't enough men to prevent it; perhaps Atta and Binalshibh may not have considered the threat of passengers receiving information from loved ones on the ground and then planning a counterattack. Airfone technology allowed only eight calls to be placed from one airplane at the same time, but the outreach from the doomed flight to homes across America continued unabated. Joe

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DeLuca, Linda Gronlund's traveling companion, called his father from row twenty-six at 9:43 a.m. and spoke for about two minutes, telling him the plane had been hijacked. When Joe was finished, Linda used the same Airfone to call her sister and leave a message:

*It's Lynn. Um, I only have a minute. I'm on United 93 and it's been hijacked, uh, by terrorists who say they have a bomb. Apparently, they, frown [sic] a couple of planes into the World Trade Center already and it looks like they're going to take this one down as well. Mostly, I just wanted to say I love you... and... I'm going to miss you... and... and please give my love to Mom and Dad and... mostly, I just love you and I just wanted to tell you that. I don't know if I'm going to get the chance to tell you that again or not... Um... [unintelligible] All my stuff is in the safe. The, uh, the safe is in my closet in my bedroom. The combination is... you push C for clear and then 0-9-1-3 and then, uh, and then it should... and maybe pound and then it should unlock... I love you and I hope that I can talk to you soon. Bye.*

Even in a moment of extreme distress, guiding herself for a violent death, Linda had the presence of mind to provide her sister with the secret combination of her safe. At many points that day, passengers and crew were thinking of their families more than themselves. They didn't want their loved ones to worry. Flight attendant CeeCee Lyles, the former police officer from Fort Pierce, Florida, was a few rows back in row thirty-two, trying frantically to reach her husband, Lorne. She was sitting across the aisle from passenger Todd Beamer, who also was making calls. When Lorne Lyles didn't pick up the phone, CeeCee also left a message:

*Hi, Baby. I'm... Baby, you have to listen to me carefully, I'm on a plane that's been hijacked. I'm on the plane. I'm calling from the plane. I want to tell you I love you. Please tell my children that I love them very much and I'm so sorry, babe. Umm. I don't know what to say. There's three guys. They've hijacked the plane. I'm trying to be calm. We've turned around and I've heard that there's planes that's been,*

*been flown into the World Trade Center. I hope to be able to see your face again, baby. I love you. Good-bye.*

"We have a bomb aboard and we are going back to the airport."

The transmission made by Ziad Jarrah at 9:39 a.m. was likely never heard by the passengers of Flight 93. Such an announcement surely would have been mentioned in passengers' phone calls to loved ones—and it wasn't. But the ominous message came crackling into headquarters of air traffic control in Cleveland, stunning controllers who were already struggling to make sense of the terror in the sky. *A bomb?* Probably out of shock, and a little bit out of helplessness, they could do little but request a clarification from the cockpit:

"Ok, that's United ninety three calling?"

"United ninety three, understand you have a bomb on board, go ahead."

"United ninety three, go ahead."

"United ninety three, go ahead."

"United ninety three, do you hear Cleveland Center?"

Unsurprisingly, there was no response from the cockpit. Jarrah had zero interest in communicating with FAA employees on the ground. At 9:41 a.m., he attempted to make their job more difficult by turning off the transponder, which sends out a signal identifying a plane in flight. Cleveland Center was still able to track the aircraft using radar, as John Werth and others scrambled to match readings and visual sightings from planes in the immediate area. But it was yet another sign that this was not a traditional hijacking.

An even bigger challenge for Werth and air traffic controllers across the country came at 9:42 a.m., when the FAA ordered all commercial and private aircraft in US airspace to land at the nearest airport. This move was unprecedented in the history of American aviation. Ben Sliney, national operations manager at the Air Traffic Control System Command Center in Herndon, Virginia, issued the directive shortly after Flight 77 struck the Pentagon: "Order everyone to land!" Sliney reportedly yelled, "Let's get them on the ground!"

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That morning, the men and women in the nation's control towers became another set of unsung heroes, drawing on their vast reservoir of skill, poise, experience, and creativity—under unimaginable pressure—to do something that up to that point had never been even attempted: successfully guide an estimated 4,500 planes all over the country to new destinations during the next two hours.

But one rogue aircraft over Ohio refused to cooperate. It kept speeding along defiantly, locked in on its own freelance flight path toward Washington, DC.

"United ninety three, do you still hear the center?"

"United ninety three, do you still hear Cleveland?"

"United ninety three, United ninety three, do you still hear Cleveland?"

"United ninety three, United ninety three, Cleveland."

"United ninety three, United ninety three, do you hear Cleveland center?"

Shortly after hearing sounds of the initial assault, Werth had warned his supervisor, "We're not talking to the pilots anymore." Yet he kept sending probing messages to the cockpit out of raw desperation. "He was still on my frequency, so I kept trying to call him periodically just to see if [he would respond]," the veteran controller later said. "I really never expected a response. But it's the only thing you can do."

Todd Beamer, now relocated to row thirty-two in the back of the plane, desperately wanted to talk to *someone* on the ground, anyone. The business trip was supposed to be a quick one for him—he had planned to return to New Jersey on a red-eye flight that same night. Beamer had considered flying to San Francisco the day before but decided against it, opting to spend some time with his two young boys.

On the other side of row thirty-two, across the aisle from flight attendant CeeCee Lyles, Todd attempted four calls in rapid succession from the Airfone. The first three calls didn't connect. Two were to an AT&T 1-800 number. Another was to his home in Cranbury, New Jersey. Finally, just before 9:44 a.m., he successfully reached the GTE-Verizon call center in Chicago, where a company representative—overwhelmed

by the information Todd provided—transferred the call to supervisor Lisa Jefferson. The ensuing conversation between Lisa and Todd became an integral part of the national narrative in the days and weeks following September 11.

"Can you explain to me in detail exactly what's taking place?" Lisa asked in a calming voice.

He could. Todd told her that three men had hijacked the plane and two were now in the cockpit. "They're flying the plane," he said. Two of the hijackers had knives and one had what looked like a bomb strapped to his waist with a red belt. They'd closed the curtain between first class and coach so that the passengers could no longer see into the first-class cabin.

"They've ordered everyone to sit down," Todd said. "The flight attendants were standing. The hijackers ordered them to sit, and one [CecCee Lyles] just happened to sit next to me. That's how I'm getting my information."

One of the most valuable bits of news Todd provided was about the pilots. As with the three previous flights, it was assumed that the captain and first officer were killed or incapacitated when the knife-wielding hijackers attacked the cockpit. Jeremy Gluck told his wife the pilots hadn't been heard from since the hijackers struck, but, curiously, no other caller mentioned them until Todd's call with Lisa Jefferson.

Relaying a description that most likely came from CecCee Lyles, Todd said that two people were lying on the floor of first class, injured and possibly dead. It was probably Captain Dahl and First Officer Homer.

As the plane careened across Ohio toward the Pennsylvania line, the fact that Flight 93 was now being piloted by an amateur was readily apparent to those in the cabin. In swift descent for six minutes since turning around at 9:39 a.m., the plane began an especially heart-throbbing plunge about a minute and a half into Todd's call.

"Oh my God, we're going down! We're going down! Jesus help us!"

Lisa Jefferson heard screams and loud gasps in the background. She would later describe the sounds as "desperate, anguished cries for help from people clinging to a sheer thread of life."

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"Oh my God, Jesus!" Todd shrieked. "Oh my God!" Another man in a baritone voice, yelled, "Oh, no! No! God, no!" And then—in an instant—the screaming stopped.

"No, wait. We're coming back up," Todd said. "I think we're okay now." He asked Lisa to recite the Lord's Prayer with him. She did:

*Our Father who art in Heaven,  
Hallowed be thy name.  
Thy kingdom come.  
Thy will be done in earth,  
As it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our trespasses  
As we forgive those who trespass against us.  
And lead us not into temptation,  
But deliver us from evil:  
For thine is the kingdom, and the power,  
And the glory, forever, Amen.*

The explanation for the plane's sudden spasm during Beamer's call with Jefferson was provided later by the flight data recorder and the NTSB's animation of the flight path. Flight 93 had descended more than 20,000 feet from a peak of 40,700 feet between 9:39 and 9:45 a.m. Some dips were steeper than others. At that point, it leveled off briefly at an altitude of 19,100 feet. The pause was followed by a temporary climb to 20,500 feet in the next minute ("we're coming back up"), and then yet another descent.

Ziad Jarrah was having obvious trouble flying the plane. He was the only one of the four September 11 hijacker pilots who hadn't earned a commercial pilot's license, and he'd devoted less time to training than the others. As recently as July, his al-Qaeda handlers were worried that he might remove himself from the mission. He'd called Aysel Senguen the morning of the attacks to tell her that he loved her. In hindsight, it is not surprising that he had difficulty manning the controls that morning.

At 9:45 a.m., with the plane's altitude dropping quickly, Jarrah and Chamdi discussed whether they should bring Nami and Haznawi into the cockpit. It was a curious exchange.

"How about we let them in?" Chamdi asked in Arabic. "We let the guys in now . . . Should we let the guys in?"

"Inform them," Jarrah said, "and tell him to talk to the pilot. Bring the pilot back."

This sudden and unexpected reference to the "pilot" on the cockpit voice recorder is very revealing—on several fronts. It underscored the notion that Jarrah was overmatched by the Boeing 757. It also was apparent confirmation that at least one of the United pilots—either Captain Dahl or First Officer Homer—was still alive, and likely in the first-class cabin. Just a few minutes earlier, according to the transcript, someone described as a "low-pitch native English-speaking male" had said, "Oh, man!" Could that have been either Dahl or Homer? Was one of them lying near the cockpit door, wounded but still fighting for life?

The mystery, like many others in the saga of Flight 93, can never be untangled. No one ever was brought to the cockpit to assist with the aircraft's operation, and the hijackers never mentioned "the pilot" again.

Jarrah, overwhelmed but still alone at the controls, invoked religion rather than ask for assistance. The plane finally had been stabilized by 9:46 a.m. before beginning another more gradual descent. Speaking in Arabic, Jarrah said, "In the name of Allah. In the name of Allah. I bear witness that there is no other God but Allah."

Jeremy Glick and Todd Beamer both remained on the phone until the moment they charged the cockpit; Tom Burnett also made several more calls to his wife in California in the minutes before the assault.

But while the three men collected information from the ground that was essential to their planning, their conversations also became highly personal at times.

"Where are the kids?" Tom asked Deena at one point. He no doubt had an image in his mind of twin daughters Halley and Madison as well as little Anna Clare.

"They're fine. They're sitting at the table having breakfast. They're asking to talk to you."

"Tell them I'll talk to them later."

"I called your parents. They know your plane has been hijacked."

"Oh . . . you shouldn't have worried them." Burnett again echoed a common sentiment that day—at their moment of crisis, passengers were continually looking out for their loved ones.

Todd Beamer was in a different situation, connected to a total stranger through nothing but her voice, but it must have been calming to speak about his family. He informed Lisa Jefferson about his wife—he expressed surprise that the two shared the name Lisa—and their two young boys, David and Andrew. He told Jefferson that Lisa was pregnant with their third child, who was due in January. He passed on his home phone number, just in case.

"If I don't make it through this, will you do me a favor?" Todd asked. "Would you tell my wife and family how much I love them?" Jefferson said she would.

Other passengers and crew members also continued to place calls as the plane veered menacingly toward Pennsylvania. Among them were Waleśka Martinez and Marion Britton, coworkers at the New York office of the Census Bureau and now contemplating their shared fate one row apart. Waleśka dialed a friend's office in Manhattan but couldn't make a connection. Marion tried her friend Fred Fiumano at his auto repair shop in Queens—and got through.

Marion said her plane was hijacked and "they've slit two people's throats already. They killed two people on the plane." Fiumano tried to calm her down by saying the hijackers were taking them on a joyride, maybe to another country. Fiumano saw no need to compound what was obviously the tensest moment of his friend's life. ("What was I gonna say?" he later told *Parade* magazine.)

But Marion wasn't persuaded. "We're going to go down," she said, "and we're going to crash."

Marion, using the Airfone in row thirty-three A-B-C, spoke with Fiumano for almost four minutes. Then she handed the phone to a passenger seated in the same row, Elizabeth Wainio, urging her to call her family.

Elizabeth was twenty-seven years old and a rising star in the business world, the manager of Discovery Channel stores in the lucrative New York/New Jersey region. She reached her stepmother, Esther Heymann, in Catonsville, Maryland. Elizabeth relayed the horror of what was happening on her flight.

"Elizabeth, I've got my arms around you, and I'm holding you, and I love you," her stepmother said.

"I can feel your arms around me. And I love you, too."

Overwhelmed, they both stopped talking for a moment. Elizabeth worried about how her family would react to the inevitable news. "It just makes me so sad," she said, "knowing how much harder this is going to be on you than it is for me."

Flight attendant Sandy Bradshaw, seated across the aisle from Elizabeth and Marion in row thirty-three, dialed her husband, Phil, at home in North Carolina. It was Sandy who had called the United Airlines maintenance office in San Francisco earlier to alert them of the hijacking. Phil was a pilot for US Airways. He was aware that two planes had crashed into the World Trade Center. Now he was getting the shocking word that his wife's flight was under siege. Sandy described the hijackers as three men with dark skin wearing red bandanas and carrying knives. She told Phil she wasn't sure of the location of the plane but that they'd just passed over a river. She thought it might be the Mississippi, but Flight 93 never made it west of Cleveland. Sandy probably saw one of the three rivers that intersect at Pittsburgh—most likely the Ohio.

"We were talking about the kids, and I think she knew she was going to die," Phil said later, "but she was very calm and very relaxed. We were talking about each other and how much we loved each other, and she wanted me to raise the kids right."

Reports of a third plane crash, this one near Washington, DC, caused yet another spike in tension among the passengers and crew in the back of the aircraft. Flight 77 had slammed into the Pentagon at 9:37 a.m. and the news spread quickly, adding a new dimension to the panic. The

carnage was no longer limited to the Manhattan skyline. The country's military nerve center had come under attack. No city, no building, no person seemed safe.

"They just hit the Pentagon," Deena Burnett told Tom.

"The Pentagon," Lyz Click told Jeremy.

If there was a singular moment that galvanized the passengers and crew and gave them a clear sense of destiny as they crossed the Pennsylvania border, this was it. The hijackers had no intention of landing the plane and issuing a list of demands. The growing sense among the passengers was that the "bomb" being flaunted was likely a fake, meant only to frighten and subdue the captives on board. The Twin Towers had been hit; the Pentagon was in flames. A horrendous death beckoned. The only option left was to try to take back the plane.

Tom Burnett said they were putting together a plan. "We have to do something," he told Deena. She asked who was helping him. "Different people. Several people. There's a group of us."

Jeremy Click knew they couldn't wait any longer. They'd placed calls, traded ideas, and mulled their fate. "I'm going to take a vote," he said. "There's three guys as big as me and we're thinking of attacking the guy with the bomb."

Lyz asked him if the hijackers had weapons, maybe guns. No, he said. Just knives. Jeremy paused. He considered what he might use for a weapon. "I still have my butter knife from breakfast," he mused. The Clicks shared a tense laugh together.

Five rows back, Todd Beamer told Lisa Jefferson about the surreal scene unfolding on the plane. "A few of us passengers are getting together. I think we're going to jump the guy with the bomb."

"Are you sure that's what you want to do?" she asked.

"Yes," Todd said. "I'm going to have to go out on faith. At this point, I don't have much of a choice."

But of course he did.

They all did.

It could not have been an easy decision to make. They were going to join a group of strangers for a frontal assault in a narrow airplane aisle

against hijackers armed with knives and willing to martyr themselves. The men of al-Qaeda long ago chose death as their preferred option. The odds were stacked. But the passengers and crew of Flight 93 would not just sit there and accept their fate.

It was 9:53 a.m. In the cockpit, Ziad Jarrah and Saeed al Chamdi began to sense the possibility of a passenger revolt.

Ahmed al Haznawi and Ahmed al Nami, still standing guard, would have told them by now about the multiple phone calls, the small-group meetings, the desperate glares. For reasons that never can be explained, the Flight 93 hijackers had waited forty-six minutes after takeoff before mounting their attack—fifteen minutes longer than any of the other flights. That, coupled with the delay in takeoff, gave the passengers and crew a crucial window to learn and digest the news of the day. Jarrah knew they were still about half an hour from their target. The jittery hijackers considered an amateurish plan to use the plane's fire ax, holding it against the peephole of the cockpit door—as though that alone might have terrified the passengers and blunted a counterattack. The cockpit recorder picked up Chamdi saying, "The best thing: The guys will go in, [you] lift up the [unintelligible] and they put the ax into it. So, everyone will be scared."

It was sometime in the next four minutes that the passengers and crew plotted the final details of their uprising. We don't know the precise battle plan they developed. We don't even know how many took part. Burnett, Glick, and Beamer spoke directly of an attempt to retake the plane, so we can be virtually certain that they were key figures in the assault. Bingham didn't mention an attack in the lone conversation with his mom, but that call had taken place at 9:37 a.m., well before the plan for a counteroffensive had been developed. Bingham was an elite athlete with a willingness to take risks—the rugby star had jumped off cliffs and run with the bulls in Pamplona. He fit Jeremy Glick's description of "three guys as big as me" who were gearing up to charge the hijackers. The consensus is that Burnett, Glick, Beamer, and Bingham were all part of the attack.

Surely there were others beyond those four. Joey Nacke was a weight lifter who didn't take any guff. He once told his wife, "No one will ever

take me down without a fight." Richard Guadagno was trained in hand-to-hand combat as a federal law-enforcement officer and could bench-press 350 pounds. Alan Beaven was 6'3" and 205 pounds, described by a friend as a "sleeping volcano." Toshiya Kuge was a twenty-year-old athlete who played American football in Japan. These were men who would have fought for their lives. And likely did.

Although no one mentioned the presence of a licensed pilot on board in calls to loved ones on the ground, the passengers probably learned that Don Greene had a license to fly small planes—and, therefore, would have been an essential part of any plan to regain control of the cockpit and land Flight 93. Don could fly single-engine aircraft and twin-engine turboprops. In that sense, he had no more experience operating a Boeing 757 than Ziad Jarrah did. But Don understood aviation and was an executive for a company called Safe Flight Instrument Corp. On a clear day such as this, and with detailed instruction each step of the way from air traffic control, he *might* have been able to land the plane safely. Sonny Garcia, a former air traffic controller for the California Air National Guard, could have offered some assistance. Between the two of them, Flight 93 would have had at least a fighting chance to land.

The leaders of the passenger insurgency gathered in or around the center aisle. Flight attendant Sandy Bradshaw was at the back of the plane preparing hot water to throw on the hijackers. Some investigators believe they also commandeered a food cart to use as a battering ram against the cockpit door.

The United States' fight against terrorism would officially be launched four weeks later in Afghanistan, but, in actuality, it began right there in the coach cabin of United Flight 93.

"I'm going to put the phone down," Jeremy Glick told Liz. "I'm going to leave it here, and I'm going to come right back to it."

"I'll be home for dinner," Tom Burnett told Deena. "I may be late, but I'll be home... Don't worry. We're going to do something."

At her office in Chicago, operator Lisa Jefferson listened intently as Todd Beamer cut short their conversation and turned away from the phone.

"Are you ready?" Todd said. "OK. Let's roll."

The counterattack began at 9:57 a.m. Never before in the history of commercial aviation had unarmed passengers been so bold as to assault armed hijackers in midflight. Elizabeth Wainio was still on the phone to her stepmother in Maryland. "They're getting ready to break into the cockpit," Elizabeth said. "I have to go. I love you. Good-bye."

"Phil!" Sandy Bradshaw said to her husband in North Carolina. "Everyone's running to first class. I've got to go. Bye."

And so they thundered down the narrow single aisle of the 757, a tidal wave of angry humanity—husbands, fathers, brothers, sisters, sons, and daughters—barreling toward the cockpit and their only hope for salvation. If Haznawi was indeed the hijacker wearing the fake bomb, he would have been the first to go down. Almost immediately, Jarrah and Ghandi heard sounds of a struggle in the cabin. They were having enough problems just flying the plane. The ruckus outside the cockpit door must have been unnerving.

"Is there something?" Jarrah asked at 9:57:55 a.m. "A fight?"

The transcript of the voice recorder then notes "the sound of a male scream from a distance," and fighting in the background.

"Let's go guys!" Jarrah implored in Arabic. "Allah is the Greatest. Allah is the Greatest. Oh guys! Allah is the greatest."

The final two phone calls from Flight 93 were made at 9:58 a.m., when the plane was barely at 5,000 feet. Both were from cell phones. Ed Felt dialed 911 from a lavatory in the back of the plane and reached a dispatcher in nearby Westmoreland County. Felt provided the basic details of the hijacking, giving local authorities their first report of the events unfolding in the skies above Pennsylvania. CeeCee Lyles called her husband in Florida. She had left a message earlier. This time, Lorne Lyles answered the phone. CeeCee told him about the hijacking. Then she shouted, "I think they're going to do it! Babe, they're forcing their way into the cockpit..."

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Up front, the cockpit voice recorder picked up more sounds of the frenzied struggle. Jarrah began jerking the yoke from right to left in an effort to throw the passengers off balance, causing the plane to rock its wings. Then one of the passengers up front—most likely Burnett—issued the battle cry: "In the cockpit! In the cockpit!"

Jarrah, flustered now, yelled in Arabic, "They want to get in there. Hold [the door]... hold from the inside. Hold from the inside. Hold."

The battle had reached the cockpit door. Jarrah kept rocking the wings as the plane dipped below 5,000 feet, determined to knock his assailants off balance and disrupt the attack. The passengers were still outnumbered, weaponless, and at the mercy of a suicidal pilot; but they had strength in numbers and maybe even momentum on their side. Jarrah knew it. "There are some guys," he said to Ghandi. "All those guys."

"Let's get them!" one of the male passengers shouted.

At 9:59:50 a.m., Jarrah changed tactics and began pitching the nose up and down. The plane started to climb again. There were thumps and snaps and crashes in the background. Three times in a period of five seconds there were shouts of pain or distress from one of the hijackers. This is when the passengers may have taken down the other muscle hijacker, Ahmed al Nami.

Just after 10:00 a.m., with the muscle hijackers under assault, the terrorists in the cockpit discussed crashing the plane on their own. However, this was not a sign of panic; in fact, it had been part of the al-Qaeda game plan were things to go awry.

Months before the mission, Mohamed Atta had instructed each pilot to intentionally bring down the aircraft if he could not reach his assigned target. To emphasize the point, Atta had told Ramzi Binalshibh that he would crash his plane into the streets of New York City if he could not hit the World Trade Center.

"Is that it? Shall we finish it off?" Jarrah asked.

"No. Not yet," Ghandi said. "When they all come, we finish it off."

"Oh Allah!" Jarrah yelled. "Oh Allah! Oh gracious!"

Flight 93 dipped yet again; one of the male passengers could be heard screaming, "Ah! I'm injured." It may have been the first casualty the passengers had taken since the counterattack began three minutes earlier. They'd

been unable to break through by this point, and the hijackers still had control of the plane. "In the cockpit!" a male passenger bellowed at 10:00:25 a.m., perhaps signaling a final push, perhaps entreating other passengers who hadn't been part of the first counterattack. "If we don't, we'll die!"

Jarrah, aware by now that the attackers were not being deterred, issued some frantic instructions of his own, addressing Chamdi by name for the first time. "Up, down. Saeed, up down!"

Five seconds later, a passenger yelled "Roll it!"—possibly referring to the food cart. There were loud sounds of plates and glass crashing all around.

With Jarrah still alternately pitching and rocking, the plane began to rise once more at 10:01 a.m.

"Is that it?" Jarrah said. "I mean, shall we pull it down?"

"Yes," Chamdi said, "put it in and pull it down."

There was even more clatter—crashes and grunts and shrieks and snaps. The hijackers must've known they were going to be overwhelmed if they allowed the fight to continue.

"Saeed!" Jarrah yelled in desperation. "Cut off the oxygen! Cut off the oxygen! Cut off the oxygen! Cut off the oxygen!"

Defiant, the passengers kept coming. "Go! Go!" one of them yelled.

"Move, move."

Then, at 10:02:17 a.m., the voice recorder transcript describes a "very loud shout" by a male passenger: "Turn it up!"

*Turn it up?* Is this evidence that they had breached the cockpit and attempted to start gaining altitude? It is possible—maybe even likely. The "very loud shout" was picked up by a cockpit microphone, so, at the very least, the door must have been jarred open. And there seemed to be a struggle for control. Only one second after a passenger yelled, "Turn it up!" either Jarrah or Chamdi yelled, in Arabic, "Down, down. Pull it down! Pull it down!"

*Turn it up. Pull it down.*

Seconds later, at 10:02:33 a.m., there was another desperate plea in Arabic, believed to be from Chamdi: "Hey! Hey! Give it to me. Give it to

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me. Give it to me. Give it to me. Give it to me. Give it to me. Give it to me."

The passengers were probably in the cockpit by now, manhandling Jarrah. Maybe Chamdi was somehow trying to grab the controls. But by this point, it was too late for all of them. Flight 93 was in a death plunge over rural Somerset County, Pennsylvania.

At 10:03:02 a.m., one of the hijackers said, "Allah is the Greatest! Allah is the Greatest! Allah is the Greatest! Allah is the Greatest! Allah is the Greatest!"

A sudden hard turn to the right caused the plane to spin out of control, turning upside-down in midair.

"No!" a male passenger shouted loudly.

At 10:03:09 a.m., one of the hijackers said in a whisper, "Allah is the Greatest! Allah is the Greatest! Allah is the Greatest! Allah is the Greatest! Allah is the Greatest!"

Two seconds later, the recording stopped.